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From the Liberator. THE CALLING OF GOD. The following effusion of J. G. Whittier's spirit-turing muse, though intended only for a lady; if ex-lanation of something he had said to her in con-ersation, is a gent too pure and bright to be kept in-er casket—may it be set in the hearts of your reas-

Not always as the whirlwind's rush On Horeb's mount of fear;
Not always as the burning bush
To Midian's shepherd seer;
Nor as the awful voice which came
To Israel's prophet bards,
Nor as the tongues of cloves flame,
Nor gift of fearful words;

Not always thus with outward sign Not always thus with culward sign
Of fire, or voice from Heaven,
The message of a troth divine—
The call of God, is given!
Awaking in the human heart
Love for the True and Right—
Zeal for the Christian's "better part,"
Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone The holy influence steals: Warm with a rapture not its own, The heart of weman feels ! As the who by Samaria's wall
The Savier's errand sought—
As those who with the fervent Paul
And mock Aquila wrought.

Or those meck ones, whose martyrdom Rome's gathered grandeur saw,
Or those who in their Alpine home
Braved the Crunader's war,
When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard
Through all its vales of death,
The martyr's song of triumph, poured
From woman's failing breath.

Oh, gently by a thousand things Which o'er our spirits pass, Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings, Or vapors o'er as glass,
Leaving their token strange to view
Of music or of shade,
The summors to the Right and True
And Merciful is made.

Oh, then, its gleams of Truth and Light Flash o'er the waiting mind, Unfolding to our mental sight The wants of human kind— If brooding over human grief The rarnest wish is known,

To roothe and gladden with relief
An anguish not our own! Though heralded with nought of fear, frough nevalues with nought of fet.

Or outward sign or show—
hough only to the inward car.

It whispers soft and low—
hough drooping as the manna feit.
Unseen—yet from above—
toly and gentle—heed it well! oly and gentle-heed it well! The call to Truth and Love!

A DOMESTIC PICTURE. A GOMESTIC PICTURE.

As he returns, who forth so lately went,
For they together pass their happy lives;
And many a tranquil even mg have they spent
Since, blusting, ignorantly innocent,
She vowed with downcast eyes and changeful hue
To love Him only. Love fulfilled, hath lent
Its deep repose; and when he meets her view.
Her soft look only says—"I trust—and I am true,"

Scattered like flowers, the rosy children play; Scattered like flowers, the rosy children play;
Or round her chair a busy crowd they press;
But, at the Farmer's coming, start away,
With playful struggle for his loved carest,
And realous of the one he first may bless,
To each a welcoming word is fondly said;
He bends and kinese some; lifts up the less;
Admires the little check so round and red,
Or smoothes with tender hand the curled & shiming
head.

Ch! let us pause, and gaze upon them now, Is there not one—beloved and lovely boy! With Mirth's bright seal upon his open brow. and sweet fond eyes, brimful of love and joy He, who no measure of delight can cloy, The daing and the darling of the set; He, who, though pleased with every passing toy He, who, though pleased with a excess. Thoughtless and buoyant to excess. Never a gentle word or kindly deed forget !

And one, more fragile than the rest, for whom, As for the weak bird in a crowded nest, Is needed all the fostering care of home, And the soft comfort of the broading breast: One, who hath of the couch of sickness prest! On whom the Mother looks, as it goes by, With tenderness intense, and fear supprest, While the soft patience of her anxious eye Blends with "God's will be done—God grant thou may'st not die ?"

And is there not the elder of the band? She with the gentle smalle and amouth bright han Waiting some paces back—content to stand Till these of Love's caresses have their share, Knowing how soon his fond paternal care
Shall seek his violet in her shady nook:
Patient she stands—demore, and brightly fair,
Copying the merkness of her Mother's look,
And clasping in her hand the favorite story-book.

For the Watchman and State Journal. THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The Presidential election is passed, and Martin Van Buren is elected. I never was among the number of those who believed it possible to prevent his election, and I often woodered Low the supporters of Harrison could, some of them, so confidently anticipate scheme in But I must stop.

Also election. Strange as it may seem, during ing evil. But I must stop.

AMICUS POPULI. of an inclination to support Van Buren. The question with me was not, who will obtain the election I but for whom ought I, under existing circumstances, to give my vote? and that without reference to the probable result of the alection.

Sometime during last September, I made table of the probable state of the votes, "to compared with the actual state of the votes when given in the several Electoral Colleges. It would be some gratification to me, it the Where any errors happen in the calculation

the name of the	minth h	a reme	RETAIN.	
	V.B.	H.	White.	Webster.
Maine	10			
N. Hampshire	7			
Massacusetts				14
Connecticut	S			
R. Island	4			
Vermont		7		
New York	40			
New Jeracy	A			
Pennsylvania	30			
Delaware		3		
Maryland		10		
Virginia	23			
North Carolina	15			
South Carolina			11*	

Georgia

could, some of them, so confidently anticipate scheme for the prevention of a great and grow-

MOSES CREE, President Joun Borles, Secretary. Marshfield, Jan. 19, 1837.

other words, it supposes the famous Treasury circular to be repealed. I beg the gentlemen of the West particularly to notice one feature

The great grain-growing states of the west are informed in this report, that they may reclaim a part See last page.